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

STUDENTS *of the*

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Vol. 1. No. 1.

“The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.”

Christmas Term, 1904.

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Editorial.

*I hold a mouse's heft not worth a leek,
That hath but oon hole to sterle to.*—CHAUCER.

"There is nothing new under the Sun;" that was Solomon's opinion, and it may be that the "Royal College of the Cornet, flute, harp, sacbut, psaltery and dulcimer, and all kinds of musick" had a *Tablet* of its own—at all events our Royal College of Music now has a journal. Our Director may unearth a Tablet belonging to the Royal College of the Cornet &c. (*Band as before*), but up to the present nothing of the sort has been found and the R.C.M. holds the journalistic field; consequently, Solomon's ruling must be accepted with reserve.

But even though 'THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE' be not something new, at all events we hope that its patrons will find in it something fresh. Not quite the same thing; fresh eggs are not necessarily new laid, nor of necessity laid the same week, nor even . . . but we are in London, let us not pursue the subject!

Times have changed, music is not what it was in Solomon's day (thanks to the R.C.M.), and the progress of our art is but typical of the general advance.

We are moving with the Times; a trifle ahead perhaps, since we know of no other Journal emanating from an English School of Music, but nearly enough abreast to rub shoulders. In fact, we believe ours to be the first music students' magazine. Other Schools of Music established longer are, so far as we know, still without. Not that two blacks make a white—we also have been without up to now, and it ill becomes us to be boastful: all are tarred with the same brush, but we have brought the 'turps' in our ink bottle to remove the stain.

But why does the Tar Brush? Why has every other kind of Student Institution had its magazine for long enough, while students of music have been content to exist without?

Why indeed? Is it that amongst so many organs, instrumental, vocal (and otherwise), the literary organ can find no place? That these jealous sisters have contrived to preclude the modest Cinderella from her rights lest she display charms too enticing? Impossible! Jealousy is a thing unknown in our midst—we must seek another reason. Forgotten perhaps—Oh shame!—Shall the sister Arts forget one another? Nay, but let us give “Caed mille failthe!”—Welcome, gentle sister of the Quill! This shall be your chamber, cunningly furnished; you shall sit at our table and eat of our rarest dishes—even of a hot College lunch!

* * * *

But to consider the objects of our existence in a sober minded fashion.¹⁷ Let us confess that we are Egotists of sorts—that we believe our College to be the finest College, and ourselves the cleverest musicians in creation. That is quite as it should be, if we look at the matter with corporate eyes, and speak with a corporate tongue. But unfortunately we must shake our clever heads, and admit that the average Royal Collegian is sadly lacking in *esprit de corps*. The reason is excellent. Each student “gangs his ain gait,” and has precious few interests in common with his fellows except in so far as they affect his own career. Surely something is wrong somewhere. Art is an exacting mistress, and may demand undivided attention, but she does not reward selfish effort with her best. It must be true that the intellectual advance of a united body is more lasting and more potent than that of an individual. “Unity is strength.” Let us unite. Our Magazine is a first step towards this great goal, and its covers hold the end of a line which may become a mighty bond to draw together the units of the Royal College of Music throughout the world.

Reminiscences of South Africa.

My visit to South Africa may be very briefly summarized. I travelled by sea nearly 13,000 miles, by land more than 3,000. I examined individually 600 candidates and some classes. I gave organ recitals in two Town Halls, Maritzburg and Durban; in three Cathedrals, Cape Town, Pretoria, Maritzburg; in one Church at King William's Town; and one in a Roman Catholic Chapel. I was the shivering recipient of three addresses, which frighten me even now when hung up in my study at home.

My voyage out was extremely pleasant. We had no rough weather and no excessive heat, I did not feel the usual shock when crossing the equator. I played at a concert in the saloon, and made on board many friends, whom I met afterwards on my travels, and who were most kind to me. For five weeks after my arrival in Cape Town I was never once inside any hotel. There are many hospitable Clubs in South Africa, who receive you into honorary membership, and, unlike English Clubs, have comfortable bedrooms. At Cape Town I was quartered for ten days at the Civil Service Club, where one meets all the prominent people.

I began my examining at once, and spent my first day at a High School in Wynberg, a beautiful suburb of Cape Town. I found the work excellent, and I may at once say that the percentage of passes was throughout my tour higher than in England. The music was the same as that in use here in the April examinations. I account for the surprising results by the fact that some of our best teachers have been at work for some years in Africa, and have raised the standard very greatly. My second day was spent in a Convent, and was even more astonishing. The school was a beautiful place in large grounds, the sisters and scholars all full of enthusiasm for work and play. We were all friends at once, and I may say that when I left, on my way home, some fifteen of the girls came to see me off on the "Walmer Castle," and gave me a dear little compass, which

hangs on my watch chain, and points constantly to the south, at least, my heart does when I see it.

After ten days of this I went up country, a journey to Bloemfontein, which occupied from 9 p.m. on Saturday to 1.30 p.m. on Monday. I passed through leagues of uninteresting country—no houses, no water, no trees, the line was strewn almost every yard with empty meat tins, which Tommy Atkins had left behind. I left Cape Town rather warm, but the next morning I found the passengers snowballing each other on the platform. The travelling in Africa is not uncomfortable, but very slow—twenty miles an hour at the best. There are hardly any tunnels, the trains wind along the contours of the hills, scarcely ever level for a hundred yards. I stood on the stoep at the end of the carriage watching the levels, the gradients being constantly as much as one in forty, sometimes one in thirty-four. We crawled up hills and bustled down. At Bloemfontein I was taken by the representative of the University to the Cemetery, and saw long, sad rows of graves of English soldiers, all kept in beautiful order; there is even a society for tending the graves of the poor men who died out on the veldt and were buried there. I saw none that were neglected.

Johannesburg was my next centre. It is a feverish new town, with some very showy buildings, none of which existed twenty years ago. On Monday I suffered from a dust storm, which was most unpleasant. They told me that this had a harsh effect upon the singing voice, and judging from what I heard, I should say it had. I may say at once that I had samples of weather everywhere. Maritzburg gave me a monsoon; I was frizzled at Newcastle; stewed at Durban; frozen at East London, where I was swung on to the tender in a basket during a storm of sleet. Pretoria came next, and I was much interested to see Kruger's house, now turned into a boarding house. After a call at Newcastle I found myself at Maritzburg. It was my fate to pass through all the most interesting places during the night. But for the moon I should never have seen Ladysmith or Colenso.

I told the guard to call me as we passed through, and he did, but when he got out he kicked out on to the line one of my shoes ; the train was moving, and I thought it gone for ever, but I told the stationmaster at Maritzburg to enquire after my shoe somewhere on the line, and it came back the very next day !

Maritzburg is a very important centre, and I had a week's hard work, with very good results. Here I found my very best player, who would not compete for the scholarship. At Maritzburg and in Africa generally, I was struck with the magnificence of the civic buildings and the meanness of the church architecture. Through all my tour I found only one decent church, and that was at King William's Town. At Durban I found the best Club in South Africa, with a lovely view over the harbour. The servants in South Africa are very varied. In one town a Kaffir brought me my cup of tea before breakfast, Indians waited in the dining-room, and Zulus dragged your rickshaw when you went out. Also among my candidates I had numbers of Smuts, Jouberts, de Wets, and once I examined two Kaffirs and tried hard to pass them, but without success.

From Durban I went to East London by the "Norman," and again went up country through Queenstown and Molteno to Aliwal North. At Queenstown there is a very pretty custom. The school children keep, once a year, what they call Arbor Day, and each goes out to plant a tree. I suffered much from the treeless condition of the country, and was heartily grateful for this festivity. Between Molteno and Aliwal North the train stopped at a single house in a vast wilderness. A little girl got out and ran up the steps and then we went on again. Next day we had the doctor's train. A red cross was put out when there was illness, the doctor got out, the train waited until he had seen his patient, and then we rumbled on again. This happened many times. From Burghersdorp I went a two days' journey to Cape Town, where I stayed two days only, clearing up results, and left in the "Walmer Castle," after seven most interesting weeks.

I have not felt that I could, in these rambling recollections, describe all the kindness which was shown me by every rank of life, from the Lord High Commissioner downwards. This was private, but I can never forget it. There were times when I felt inclined to say that Africa was a land of drought, dust, desert, discontent, disloyalty and most unbounded hospitality. About the last I never doubted, and about the other five I found cause to modify my impressions very greatly. I left England on July 16th, and arrived at home at five minutes to three on October 8th. At five minutes past I was conducting my Madrigal Society.

WALTER PARRATT.



Synopsis of the History Lectures, Christmas Term 1904.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

"Such harmony is in immortal souls."—*MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

On looking back to the first half of the 18th century, we see that the musical world was dominated by two giant forms, those of Handel and Bach, who not only towered above their most famous contemporaries, but who have taken their place among the great names in the history of musical art.

Born in the same year and in the same land, it would be hard to find two men of genius more totally different in character and influence. Bach's works, whether it be his organ music, his Klavier compositions, his orchestral or his choral works, are all alive to-day; it is by the few brilliant exceptions to a monotonous list of oratorios, operas, etc., long since dead and forgotten, that Handel is remembered.

John Sebastian Bach is the most striking example perhaps ever seen of genius developing its own resources; the truth of this can be proved by comparing his music with, say, the first operas of Peri and Caccini, which saw the light a hundred years before.

This in no way contradicts the fact that Bach owed much to his predecessors, and probably no composer has ever been more familiar with the works of those who went before him. The great School

of German organists, such as Scheidemann and Scheidt, Sweelinck, Pachelbel, Rheinken and Buxtehude; Johann Kühnau, the first composer who sought to supply the deficiency of Klavier-musik, and who is the author of a curious attempt at programme music in the shape of six "Biblical historical Sonates"; the well-known group of French clavécistes, including 'Chambonnieres,' D'Anglebus, and above all François Couperin; Keiser, the first representatively German opera-composer before Mozart, all these influenced the mind of John Sebastian Bach in no small degree. In his later cantatas we can even see traces of Italian style. But though in the best sense of the word cosmopolitan, Bach, reared as he was in Thuringia, the very heart of Germany, seems in his work to embody the Teutonic religious thought of his day.

He sprang from a family that had held a position in musical history since the 15th century, so much so that in Erfurt the town musicians were called "bachs." His life naturally divides itself into five periods, the first dating from 1703, when, after leaving the choir-school at Lüneburg, he was appointed organist at Arnstadt. Here he composed his first cantata, "Denn Du wirst mir die Seele nicht in Hölle lassen," and one or two organ fugues, perhaps also that interesting work "Capriccio on the departure of a most beloved brother."

In 1707, Bach moved from Arnstadt to Mühlhausen, where the first event of importance that took place was his marriage with Maria Barbara Bach, his cousin, by whom he had two sons, Friedemann and Philipp Emmanuel. In the same year Bach wrote his first really important work, the famous "Rathwechsel Cantata."

In 1708 he accepted the post of capellmeister and organist to the Grand Duke of Weimar, and while there produced some of his most famous fugues and cantatas, including the D major virtuoso fugue and the well-known "Gotteszeit ist die beste Zeit."

The Coethen period (1717-1722), during which time Bach was Kamermusik-direktor to Prince Leopold of Anhalt Cöthen, is specially

noticeable for the opportunity it gave him of devoting his attention to instrumental music. In 1720 Maria Barbara died, but in the following year Bach married Anna Magdalena, daughter of the Court trumpeter, who proved herself a wife worthy of such a husband. While at Coethen he produced his "Klavierbüchlein," for Wilhelm Friedemann, his son, also his "Orgelbüchlein," several of his most famous violin suites and sonates, and the well-known "Chaconne," and last, but not least, the first half of his immortal forty-eight Preludes and Fugues for the "Wohltemperirtes Klavier."

But the greatest period of his life is that known as the Leipzig period, which saw him in the full maturity of his powers.

In 1722, he succeeded Kühnau as Cantor at the Thomasschule, in Leipzig, and until his death, in 1750, he continued to pour forth such masterpieces as the Johannes and Matthäus Passions, the Christmas Oratorio (1734), and the ineffably beautiful B minor mass. His English and French suites, the thirty Goldberg variations and many of his most wonderful choral vorspiele, including the one he wrote on his death-bed, these are but a few tokens of that inner genius which has made the name of J. S. Bach to rank among the greatest in the history of the world's art.

H. CYNTHIA CREWE-MILNES.



Odes to Musicians.

THE AMATEUR ACCOMPANIST.*

O, would that I had half your pluck,
Which, aided by a little luck,
Emboldens you to daring;
For your undaunted heart and head
Will often make you madly tread
Where angels shrink despairing!

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That unity is strength, we're taught,
But unity is not the sort
 Of strength that you agree to,
And your performances bizarre
Quite independent often are,
 Uncomfortably free, too ;
Your methods, as, alas, we know,
Are founded carefully on so
 Original a model,
That when your fingers take the lead,
Poor Bird and Sewell's topmost speed
 Is but the merest waddle ;
For, when you start your wild career,
Then rattles every chandelier
 And trembles every rafter,
Recalling palmy days of yore,
Where minstrel galloped on before,
 And singer floundered after !
The song may be of Beauty's Eyes,
Of springtide love, of summer skies,
 Of Nature's joys abounding ;
But under your transforming touch
They're scarcely recognised as such,
 So magical your pounding ;
" Good-bye " ecstatic sounds like curse,
The laugh of Love like rattling hearse,
 And " Lov'd One's " step like hobblin',
Sweet Vision turns to ghostly fright,
And Dream of Day to mare of night,
 And Goddess turns to Goblin ;
The gentle wind that woos the tree
Becomes a hurricane at sea,
 And zephyr sounds cyclonic ;
If singer pause or hesitate
On leading-note, do you then wait ?
 No ! Come down, plump, on Tonic !

C. L. C. A.

College Concerts.

*"There many minstrels maken melody
To drive away the dull melánocholy,
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly."*—SPENSER.

Oct. 19th (Chamber). An interesting feature of this concert was the performance of Debussy's quartet for strings in G minor, a work which it would be unsafe to judge from a single hearing. The scherzo and the slow movement make a more direct appeal to the listener than the other two portions of the quartet. The programme also included Brahms's piano trio in B major and Beethoven's violin Sonata in G major op. 96, the latter being well rendered by Messrs. Kinze and Friskin. Miss Lightfoot sang Elgar's two songs, "In Haven" and "Sea Slumber Song," a little nervously, but with much feeling. Delibes's "Chanson Espagnol," sung by Miss Trantz, was somewhat lacking in colour, but the singer possesses a flexible voice. Mr. Jarvis gave an energetic rendering of "Alt Heidelberg," and Miss McCheane played Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp major.

Nov. 4th (Orchestral). The purely orchestral items of the programme were Brahms's Tragic Overture and Schubert's Symphony in C. The overture and the first two movements of the symphony were well played; and although the scherzo began with a scramble, the orchestra soon recovered itself. The Finale, during which the 'cellos produced an unexpected effect by leaving out two bars of their part, was less satisfactory. Mr. Johnson sang Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Vision" very well, and Miss Warwick-Evans gave an excellent performance of Joachim's variations for violin in E minor. Two quartets for voices and orchestra, composed by Mr. F. C. S. Carey, were heard for the first time. Of the two we prefer the second, "The night dislimns"; but both fully deserve the favourable reception which they were accorded.

Nov. 10th (Chamber). The concert began with Beethoven's string quartet, in A major, but as the first violin was so unfortunate as to

break a string, the performance was somewhat marred. However, the minuet was played very well, and Miss Sumner's achievement in finishing the slow movement with only three strings deserves mention. Porpora's Sonata in F was played by Mr. Ivor James in a very careful and finished manner; and Miss Polgreen gave an accurate rendering of Chopin's Fantasia in F minor, although the march-like tune in E flat was taken too slowly. Miss Coates sang Schumann's "Schöne Wiege" with much warmth, and Miss Purser gave a tasteful rendering of Taubert's "Four Nursery Songs," a selection which suited her voice well. A good performance of Schubert's trio for piano and strings in B flat brought the concert to a close.

Nov. 17th (Chamber). Miss May Harrison, Mr. Enoch Parsons, Mr. Frank Bridge and Miss Marion Harrison began with a beautiful performance of Dvorak's quartet for strings in F major. The 'cellist, in particular, produced a tone entirely out of proportion to her size or age. Mr. Parson's first appearance at a College concert will be remembered by his association in this quartet, which was quite the feature of the programme. Miss Emanuel played Schumann's Fantasia in C very correctly, and the difficulties towards the end of the second movement were overcome with surprising ease. Miss Gardiner made her first appearance in Brahms's trio in C minor. She used the pedal with greater frequency than appeared necessary, but that was doubtless owing to nervousness. Mr. Hebden Foster sang well, though he was heard at a disadvantage in Meyerbeer's somewhat uninteresting song "The Monk," Probably owing to the thick fog, Miss Hawker did not sing her best in Brahms's "Geistliches Wiegenlied"; the accompaniment, too, was rather prominent.

It is as well that the unfortunate organist should occasionally have a better chance of displaying his gifts than is afforded by his being placed at the end of a programme in order to play a concluding voluntary. Mr. Higgins on this occasion made the most of his opportunity in Basil Harwood's "Pæan."

Nov. 24th (Chamber). The snow was responsible for a considerable

reduction in the size of the audience at this concert, which, in many respects, proved to be the best of the term. The first item was Mr. Frank Bridge's "Three Novelletten," a weird quartet for strings, showing great cleverness in construction. Charming second subjects, and in the last movement a wonderful twenty odd bars of canon between first and second violins against another canon between viola and 'cello, make the work more than interesting. The scherzo suggests the futile pursuit of a phantom which disappears with a suddenness calculated to startle an unwary listener. Mr. Johnson sang Brahms' "Three Serious Songs," with much feeling and comprehension. Miss Dorothy Court's light soprano voice was well suited by Dell Acquas' "Chanson Provençale," and Miss Beatrice Jones gave a brilliant performance of Boccherini's Sonata in A for 'cello.

Too high praise could not be accorded to Miss Olive Blume for the restraint and refinement with which she played Brahms' beautiful Romance in F, op. 118, an achievement all the more remarkable beside her almost sensational virtuosity in Saint Saëns "Etude en forme de Valse," a piece of decidedly "showy" character which followed. Tschaikowsky's piano trio in A minor came at the end of the programme, but was rendered rather tedious by imperfect ensemble.

December 13th (Choral and Orchestral) The first performance in England of Volbach's 'Raffaeli,' attracted a large audience. The considerable difficulties of the work were surmounted by the chorus in a manner reflecting the utmost credit upon all concerned, and the composer, who conducted, had a most enthusiastic reception, being repeatedly recalled. So far as we can remember, Paderewski's "Polish Fantasia" had not before had a place in the programme of a College concert. The work is well worth a hearing, and on this occasion the solo pianist was M. Isidore Epstein, who acquitted himself of his task brilliantly. Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture, which stood at the beginning of the programme, received on the whole a good performance; and Brahms' Serenade in D, which, in spite of some accidents in the wood-wind, was also played creditably, ended an interesting concert.

A short Comparison of the Various Branches of Art in their relation to one another.

*I have not chanted verse like Homer, no—
Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor carved
And painted men like Phidias and his friend :*

*But I have entered into sympathy
With those four, running these into one soul,
Who, separate, ignored each other's arts."*—R. BROWNING.

Of Art in general it may be said that it has one purpose, and many methods, that there is unity in its ideals, but great diversity in its means of expression.

Since it is primarily through the senses that Art appeals to the human mind, it follows that a man's taste for, and appreciation of, any special form of art depends first upon the selection and degree of development of those senses with which Nature has endowed him. For instance, a man with an eye susceptible to form and colour, even though he himself possess no technical skill in drawing or painting turns instinctively to that branch of Art for mental relaxation and enjoyment. Similarly a man with a keenly sensitive ear to sound, will find in music the highest expression of artistic feeling. But, apart from this very obvious reason for the existence of different forms of Art, another, hardly less cogent, is to be found in the extreme variety of human circumstances and character and consequently of the attitudes of the human mind. Presumably the aim of all Art is the ennobling of the character of man by an appeal to his intellect—this is the Rome to which all roads lead. Philosophy may provide him with a theory of life ; Science may place at his disposal all the resources of Nature ; History by unfolding the past shews him the experience of the world for his warning and encouragement ; it is left to Art to refine and elevate his character by enlarging his capacity for the expression of beauty in thought, and thus complete that process of mental evolution which we call civilisation. Art has many unrecognised ways of influencing the human mind, but in those more tangible forms we call the Fine Arts, painting, music, sculpture and literature,

there is a clear illustration of this mingled affinity and disparity. It is unprofitable to discuss from an objective standpoint, which branch of art is the highest, for this is a point on which no two people could agree. For instance Lessing in his "Laocoon" holds that literature is the highest, since it deals directly with men's thoughts, but his opinion can hardly be called disinterested. Others have maintained that absolute music is the artistic *ne plus ultra*, for it gives expression to feelings and aspirations which cannot be put into words. As Carlyle says :

"Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us ? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."

It is not by belittling one branch of Art to suit our conception of another, it is not by pitting, as it were, music against literature, and sculpture against painting, that we get a true insight into the meaning and purpose of Art as a whole ; it should rather be our aim to discover and appreciate the complementary attributes of its various forms, and to understand how the same thought may be expressed by very different means.

It is not unfair perhaps to divide the Arts into two classes, roughly speaking :—those which strive to appeal to the human mind through the eye, by the imitation and representation of real or ideal subjects ; such are painting and sculpture : and those which seek to express some thought or attitude of mind, real or ideal, whether through the medium of sound, harmonious and melodious, or by a euphonious use of the resources of language—such are music and literature. Painting and sculpture are closely allied by that sense of form which is common to both ; music and letters have a somewhat similar tie in the equally essential factors of rhythm and metre. But it is a great mistake to make a hard and fast line between these two classes, for in so doing we are apt to overlook the intimate connection between all branches of Art. A vividly descriptive passage in poetry or prose is often called "word-painting ;" the different effects which can be produced by orchestral combination are known as varieties of "tone-colour ;"

and the relation of music to painting has lately been brought to our notice in a striking manner by Volbach's music on three of Raphael's most famous Madonna pictures. Perhaps the two forms of artistic genius most often united in one man, are those of literature and painting. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, that erratic genius Blake, and even Goethe, who for some time seriously contemplated an artist's career, are instances of this. Curiously enough, judging from the artistic record of nations, the two arts which seem to go least often hand-in-hand are those of music and painting. To this, Italy, the home of all the Arts, forms of course a notable exception, and so to a certain extent does France; but Germany, which is *par excellence* the musical nation of Europe, can hardly boast the name of one famous painter. The Netherlands; though they can indeed lay claim to the earliest representative group of composers in the Gallo-Belgic School, have never produced a musical Rembrandt, any more than Spain a musical Velasquez. In England the British School of Painting flourished at a time when music perhaps was at its lowest ebb. Russia and Poland are further instances of musical nations curiously devoid of any similar instinct in the direction of painting. In relation to history, all the Arts have a common bond, for without Art the dry bones of history could not live. Sculpture and architecture, music, pictures and literature, all these reveal the Past to us in a way that is not possible to a mere student of dry facts and dates. When we see the great monuments of an age, separated from our own perhaps by centuries, when we see the great men of old as they appeared to their contemporaries, when we read their thoughts expressed either in words or in the subtler language of music—then it is that we enter into the spirit of the Past; it is Art alone that can bridge over the gulf between life as it is to-day, and as it was hundreds of years ago.

Of all the Arts literature most lends itself to that superficial acquaintance known as a "smattering." A man may be tone-deaf, or colour-blind, but he cannot, if possessed of normal intelligence, be similarly disqualified for the appreciation of poetry in letters. The

most materially-minded being can understand the literal sense of a poem such as Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' even though totally incapable of entering into the real meaning of it, whereas probably no one utterly devoid of all musical feeling, could sit through a performance of Beethoven's 9th Symphony ; and though it is on record that a lady, during a literary discussion, turned to her neighbour, and asked in an awestruck whisper, "What *are* Keats?" questions of this calibre are probably more familiar to artists and musicians. There can be little doubt that there are more aspiring, and it must be added, unsuccessful authors, than composers or artists, but then the dullest and most banal painter or musician, who wishes to produce a substantial proof of his devotion to Art, is compelled to know something of the technique of his particular branch, a consideration which apparently does not hamper many amateur poets and novelists.

But apart from dull music, worthless painting, and writings beset with platitudes, there are more disastrous examples of the abuse of Art : indeed, it would be hard to say which particular branch comes off worse in this respect ; whether a highly-coloured "pot-boiler," or the music-hall song of the most inconsequent type, a building in sham Gothic style, or the melodramatic efforts of cheap journalism represent most completely the deviation of art from its ideal course.

The Arts have a common heritage in their capacity for dramatic expression, but this, too, is very liable to abuse from the opportunities it offers of undue subservience to public opinion, one of the greatest dangers to the progress of Art, which is bound to deteriorate as soon as men cultivate it with any but a disinterested aim. Proof of this truth is abundantly furnished by the history of the opera, were any proof needed.

The laws of evolution apply to Art as to everything else, and though we may sometimes wonder where the process of differentiation will end, or what good can be obtained by greater complexity

of form and organization, we may be certain that there is still room for progress, that heights are yet to be reached of which we have never dreamt; we cannot even guess what rank will be given by posterity to such names as Rudyard Kipling, Sargent or Richard Strauss.

Great then as are the differences between the various branches of Art, their resemblances are far greater, for they are knit together in one purpose; their innate fellowship is well expressed by Carlyle in a passage referring to Dante's "*Divina Commedià*," he says:

"Go deep enough, there is music everywhere. A true inward symmetry, what one calls an architectural harmony, reigns in it, proportionates it all: architectural; which also partakes of the character of music."

What we must look for is that inward poetry of thought, which is the essence of all Art, without which it inevitably rings false, and whatever may be its outward expression, this should find some responsive chord in every human breast. To this extent every man should be an artist, though it be only given to a few to enter into the deepest mysteries, and reveal them in so far as may be to their fellow men, for Art is

" . . . twice bless'd,"

"It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

H. CYNTHIA CREWE-MILNES.



The Patrons' Fund.

SOME REFLECTIONS BY AN OLD SCHOLAR.

The second "Patron's Fund" Concert took place at the Æolian Hall on Tuesday, December 6th, the programme consisting of Chamber Music. As on the occasion of the first concert there has been much wagging of tongues about the whole matter. Perhaps the generous founder of the fund, Mr. S. Ernest Palmer, hardly anticipated that his scheme would call forth such a storm of criticism both from within the College and from without, but the fact that everybody has his own pet views upon the subject of music and the way it should be encouraged is sufficient to account for the rumblings and grumblings

which have been audible ever since the concerts began to be talked about. The present writer has no intention whatever of criticising the works performed on December 6th, or the merits of the performances, for every interested person has either formed his own opinions or accepted those of the newspaper which forms them for him. But it may not be amiss to offer a few criticisms upon the attitude and judgments of some of those who have written upon the subject in the press, and also, possibly to make a few fresh suggestions which may open further fields for fruitful consideration and discussion.

Mr. William Wallace's vicious letter to "The Times," which appeared shortly after the first concert, may be dismissed in a few sentences. If Mr. Palmer had desired his concerts to be managed by Mr. Wallace and his friends he could very well have given the sum of £20,000 for that purpose. But Mr. Palmer preferred to place the matter in the hands of the Royal College of Music to be managed as that institution thought fit. Therefore Mr. Wallace's criticism was something worse than an offensive attack upon the R.C.M.; it was an unwarrantable and impertinent interference with the private conduct of a private gentleman.

There are a few other critics, it is true, whose utterances, however, embittered, seem entitled to serious consideration. For instance, when the programme of the second concert was published some indignant voices were raised against the inclusion of the work of three composers who had occupied prominent places on the first programme. Mr. Hurlstone, in particular, was mentioned, for the most important work on each occasion was one bearing his name. But could anyone who attended the Chamber Concert have regretted this circumstance? Here, at least, the decision of the "expert musicians" (horrible term!) was amply justified. Mr. Hurlstone's Quartet for Piano and Strings is an honour to English music. One can certainly say no less, and need certainly say no more. The one newspaper writer who declared that this was the sort of music that made him "writhe in his seat" can be more easily pitied than comprehended, his most terrible charge against

Mr. Hurlstone being that the work was planned upon similar methods to those employed by Brahms. Now let us answer one question. Which of all modern composers of Chamber music represents such music in its most advanced, its most perfected state? To pretend that Tschaikowsky or Richard Strauss are in any sense comparable to Brahms in such work would be obviously nonsensical. Let us grant, if we will, that orchestral music should develop on the lines of these great innovators, but save us from the incongruity that would result should we allow our Chamber music to be based upon the orchestral music of any composers, however advanced. Mr. Hurlstone's Quartet, moreover, though owing much to Brahms with regard to construction, has a most distinct individuality, and, what is even more important, a feeling for grace and beauty very much absent from many works by English composers who are trying to win the approval of the public. The themes linger in the memory because they strike a sympathetic chord in the listener, and this alone is surely a precious quality which goes a long way towards disarming criticism.

Of other works performed on the same occasion, Mr. Paul Corder's delightful Preludes, and Mr. A. E. T. Bax's Viola Concert-Piece were fortunate in obtaining the finest interpretations of the evening, and this fact, almost as much as the merit of the works themselves, may have been responsible for the comparative immunity from abuse which they have enjoyed. Nowadays, when the average newspaper critic seems to regard the writer of music as an aggressive enemy ever upon the watch to bore or to annoy him this is saying a good deal. Mr. Frank Bridge was not so fortunate, and many of us would like to know why he should have been represented by three songs of a dirge-like character in succession, when it is an open secret that he submitted others which were in a less depressing vein. We can only feel sorry for him, since, through no fault of his own, he has been an easy victim to those critics who here found one of their chief opportunities for saying unkind things. There was but one work which seemed to the present writer to be utterly unworthy of performance, and, curiously enough, the

Press in general seems to have received it with mild complacency, and in some cases almost with approval. Even though the Patron's Fund be chiefly applicable for the benefit of past and present pupils of the R.C.M. one hardly likes to see the College composers show up so well against a poverty-stricken composition by an outsider. It is much to ask us to believe that amongst the works submitted no better instrumental work could have been found than that which filled the central place on the programme of December 6th. At all events it is more agreeable to imagine that a body of "expert musicians" can make mistakes, than to surmise that the work in question was merely the best of fifty-one hopelessly dull and pointless eligible compositions. It may seem ungracious to end with a growl—but this is a growl which will be echoed again and again by the great majority of musicians present; by none more loudly than by those who entertain the highest belief in the useful functions that the Patron's Fund is destined to fulfil.



The Artist.

*The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—BYRON.*

Though I were blind, should darkness fill
The eyes that yet be whole?
These sightless orbs would leave me still
The irids of my soul.

Though I were dumb, yet could I breathe
In soft compelling tone.
A living speech do I bequeath
To nations yet unknown.

When I am dead, this heart will live
To pulse in mortal sphere:
Responsive still, these veins shall give
New life for every year.

A. AITKEN CRAWSHAW.

Alceestis.

Res severa verum gaudium.

We have successfully grappled with the difficulties of performing an exacting work, shirked by all but the boldest spirits, and met with only by a select few in any other form than that of a pianoforte arrangement.

It was asserted that we could not do *Alceestis*, and some think this the reason that the work was undertaken. At all events, we have proved such an assertion to be unfounded. All honour to Sir Charles Stanford and to all who assisted him to bring about such a signal success. The work was well done, and the performance completely justified. Not that everything was perfect: to make such a statement would be ridiculous, as it would be untrue. Perfection is a far goal, and those who attain to it are neither students nor novices. Yet the performance drew forth unstinted praise from all unbiassed critics. A very few mean-spirited ones insisted that the work ought not to have been performed by students at all, which merely shows that their ideals for students are paltry, and their criticism of no value to us.

From December 16th, 1767, when the work was first performed in Vienna, to December 6th, 1904, when the first performance in England was given, by The Royal College of Music, at His Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, there is a gap of one hundred and thirty-seven years. Let us leave it at that. Some of our critics would have such neglected works buried still deeper in oblivion, and would raise insuperable objections, whatever the quarter from which the effort might come.

Fortunately, we do not owe our continued existence to press notices, and though, perhaps, there is none of those concerned who is not glad to receive the well-given advice of our good-hearted critics, our pursuit of such *res severa* will be unchecked by the malignity of the carper.

Of the performance, this much can be said by us with confidence,

all who heard it were impressed with the earnestness of the work. *Alcestis* is an opera which admits of no trifling and Sir Charles was insistent in his recognition of its almost ecclesiastical dignity.

As fellow students we can do little more than congratulate those who took part in the opera. Had we space for criticism, equal praise could not be given to all, though we can hardly forbear to mention the dancing, of which Miss Wheeler was the chief and most graceful exponent. But few would be disinclined to accord Miss Nannie Tout the first place in the list of honours, her interpretation of the character of *Alcestis* being full of dramatic feeling.

Each with a part to create, not imitate; without precedent from previous performances; every student who took part in the opera has gained a distinction accorded to few singers, and it is no part of ours to detract from that prestige by adverse criticism of serious effort.

As students, we are conscious of many faults, and can never be satisfied to rest on laurels half won, but hope next year for another work of equal interest and possibilities as great as *Alcestis*.

The following is a list of the characters:—

ALCESTIS, wife of Admetus	-	-	-	NANNIE TOUT (Exhibitioner).
ADMETUS, King of Pheræ	-	-	-	BEN IVOR DAVIES (Scholar).
HIGH PRIEST	-	-	-	} F. GREEVES JOHNSON.
THANATOS (DEATH)	-	-	-	
HERACLES	-	-	-	} JAMES HEBDEN FOSTER.
ORACLE	-	-	-	
HERALD	-	-	-	} FRANCIS C. S. CAREY (Scholar).
APOLLO	-	-	-	
EVANDER	-	-	} People of Pheræ	B. MERLIN DAVIES (Scholar).
A SINGER	-	-		BEATRICE DUNN, A.R.C.M.
A DANCER	-	-		MARY A. WHEELER.
ATTENDANTS	-	-	-	MABEL GILLENDER (Scholar).
				DOROTHY PURSER (Scholar).
				I. WASSERZUG (Scholar).

Children of Alcestis, Inhabitants of Pheræ, Attendants on Alcestis and Admetus, Infernal Spirits.

The Royal Collegian Abroad.

"He tickles every string to every note."—SOMERVILLE.

"He abates not his din ;

His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in."—WORDSWORTH.

Miss Dorothy Court gave a most successful Vocal Recital in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Nov. 10th, where she had a large and appreciative audience. She was assisted by several Royal Collegians.

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Mr. Frederick W. Wadeley, B.A., Mus. Bac., Cantab., F.R.C.O., has recently been appointed organist and choirmaster, Malvern Priory, and assistant music master, Malvern College.

* * *

Mr. Geoffrey O'Connor-Morris, who has just left us, has been appointed assistant organist, Carlisle Cathedral, and organist and choirmaster, St. Cuthbert's Church, in the same city.

* * *

The R.C.M. was well represented in the Leeds Festival Orchestra, which included no fewer than twenty-nine past or present students, six being principals. It is interesting to note that the four bassoon players were all old collegians.

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Mr. Lynwood Farnham, A.R.C.M., A.R.C.O., has obtained the post of organist at St. James' Methodist Church, Montreal, Canada.

* * *

Mr. Charles Jacoby has revived the Classical Chamber Concerts in Hampstead. He started last year with two concerts ; this year he has given three, and next year he hopes to give a complete set of six as formerly. We congratulate Mr. Jacoby on the complete artistic success of these concerts.

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The Editor particularly invites all interested in the work of

students, present or past, to furnish in concise form news for this column. Items sent by students concerning themselves will always be published, if of a suitable nature, and likely to be of sufficient general interest.

* * *

An Old Students' Union has been suggested, as a means of bringing old Royal Collegians into closer touch. In our next issue we hope to give particulars of a project for the formation of such a Union.

* * * *

Some old students have expressed a wish to be informed of dates and programmes of College Concerts, dates and subjects of lectures and of any events of special interest, such as the rehearsal of new and important works by the Orchestra and Choral. It is proposed to try and meet this wish by supplying the above particulars as far as possible. Names and addresses of any students who would be glad to have them should be sent to Miss Daymond, 40 Madeley Road, Ealing, as soon as possible, so that next term's notices may be prepared.

As the scheme will be on trial and the expenses of printing and postage cannot be estimated beforehand a subscription of 1/6 will be asked for, for the first year; such subscription to be reduced or augmented, should it prove desirable.

On the last page is given a list of dates a knowledge of which may be found useful :—

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Something about the Childhood of Richard Wagner.

"Above the vulgar flight of common souls."—MURPHY.

At sunrise, on the 22nd of May, 1813, the youngest son of Police-actuary Wagner greeted the light of a turbulent world, in the house of the Red and White Lion, on the Brühl at Leipzig, and in the delightful highland nest of Stötteritz, not far from the Thouberg, and close to

the base of operations for the approaching Leipzig battle, little Richard, as yet unnamed, passed a portion of his first month of life.

His christening was delayed by various causes in that year of war, but eventually took place on Monday, the 16th of August, under deacon Mag Eulenstein, in St. Thomas's Church, at Leipzig, where he was given the name of Wilhelm Richard Wagner.

On New Year's eve, Hoffman completed the manuscript of his fantastic masterpiece, the tale of the "Golden Pot," which was intended for printing with the 'Phantasiestücken' in Callot's 'Manier,' to which, on November 24th (two days after the death of Friedrich Wagner, Richard's father), Jean Paul had written a preface containing a presage, in reality aimed at Hoffman: "Hitherto the Sun-god has cast the gift of poetry with his right hand, of music with his left to two such widely distant beings, that we are still waiting for the man who shall both write and set the poem of a genuine opera." Strange that this should have come from Bayreuth in the natal year of the Bayreuth master!

We find little Richard in short-armed frocks, pale and slim, but unruly enough already. On his errands to grocer Klepperbein, he has a trick of forgetting the message in his delight with the largesse of raisins. He is fond of following his mother into the kitchen, and of *staying* there should she be called away to answer the door to a visitor. On one such occasion, when cutlets are frying most temptingly, she returns to find an empty pan, and Richard scuttling off with queer contortions. An examination follows, and his distress is alleviated by the removal of a steaming cutlet from the pocket of his knickerbockers; but what has become of the others? Maternal threats extort young Richard's confession that he took a bite of each, but albeit they smelt so good, they were too hot to finish, and one after the other went under the hearth.

In December, 1822, Wagner entered the Kreuzschule, in Dresden, where he did so well, that four years later he translated the first

twelve books of the "Odyssey," simply for amusement. Richard's companion at this time was his pretty little dark-haired sister, Cile. The two children were always together, but they had a holy dread of being left in the dark at any time, for Richard would see ghosts in every corner, whilst Cile gave them tongue.

One leading trait in Wagner's character, which early showed itself in the boy, was his passionate love of Nature. This came out most strongly in his devotion to dumb animals. He would be always exploring for dogs with which to strike up a friendship: he knew every hound in the neighbourhood, and his sister and he had a regular system of espionage for litters of pups to rescue them from being drowned. Once he fished out of a pond a drowning puppy: previous experience told him that he would not be allowed to bring it home; that could not be helped, he was not going to let the poor little thing die. So sister Cile smuggled it into her bed, but the puppy betrayed a defective grasp of the situation, it whimpered and stood revealed. Another time he improvised a rabbit-hutch in his lesson-desk, cutting a large air-hole in its back.

He could never bear to see an animal maltreated; at such a sight his anger knew no bounds, and he would throw himself on the delinquent without regard to consequences. "One of his first impressions was a chance visit paid with some of his school fellows to a slaughter yard. An ox was about to be killed; the butcher stood with uplifted axe; the horrible implement descended on the head of the stately animal, which gave a low, deep moan. The boy turned deadly pale, and would have rushed at the butcher had not his companions forcibly held him back, and taken him from the scene. For some time after he could not touch meat . . . When a man, he could not refer to this incident without a shudder." (Praeger's 'Wagner as I knew him.')

But what took precedence of all was his love for his mother. Indelibly stamped on the child's young mind, it comforted the man through all his life and in all his troubles.

From this deep affection the forest scene in "Siegfried," the narration of Herzleide's love in "Parsifal" derive their warmth of feeling; and it is characteristic of him that he was relating anecdotes about his mother to his dear ones gathered round him on the last evening of his life, the 12th of February, 1883.

BRONIA PAM.



The Term's Awards.

The following Awards were made at the conclusion of the Mid-summer Term, on the 27th July :

Council Exhibitions :

Grace M. J. De Rozario (A.R.C.M.)	} (Piano)	£10 0 0
William B. Haslam		£5 0 0
Dorothy Court (Singing)		£8 0 0
Joseph H. Bannister (Organ).. .. .		£5 0 0
Florence M. Jennings	} (Violin)	£10 0 0
Oonah R. Sumner (A.R.C.M.)		£12 0 0

Council Exhibition (Junior Department) :

Ioan L. Powell (Piano)	£15 0 0
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The London Musical Society's Prize (value £3 3s.), for Singing :

B. Merlin Davies (Scholar).

Messrs. Hill & Sons' Violin Prize :

Frederick C. Grey (Scholar).

The Gold Medal presented by Rajah Sir S. M. Tagore of Calcutta
(for the most generally deserving pupil) :

Vera L. D. Warwick-Evans (Scholar).

The Savage Club Exhibition; :

Ivy M. M. Hemsley (Singing).

Odds and Ends.*"Where more is meant than meets the ear."—MILTON.*

We were honoured by the presence at both our Orchestral Concerts of T.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Ena of Battenberg, accompanied by ladies-in-waiting, amongst whom was Miss Parratt, in attendance on the Princess Ena. A number of prominent musicians, including Sir Edward Elgar, came also to hear the first performance in England of Volbach's "Raffael" at our last Orchestral Concert on December 13th.

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The accompanist's name appeared on the programme of the last Chamber Concert. Such a recognition is timely, and would be well deserved by any one whose accompaniment is so thoroughly acceptable to singers as that of Mr. J. H. Bannister.

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Broadly speaking, the human race may be divided into three classes. Sensible people, those who would be sensible if they could, and fools. Similarly, there are three classes of R.C.M. Students: those who attend History Lectures, those who would if they could but can't, and those who won't. The last class is entirely unaccountable. The greatest living authority on Musical History condescends to lecture and present illustrations of obscure works never heard elsewhere, and some make no attempt to be present. Their case is on all fours with an authentic one of a student who made a boast that he had never attended a College Concert! Who shall say that the College is the loser by his absence?

* * *

The R.C.M. Students' dance, at Queen's Gate Hall, on Dec. 7th, was a great success. Sir Hubert Parry and Mr. Pownall both put in an appearance. The College 'Mag' was at large, and chattered incessantly. Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves and it was good to be there when, in the small hours of the morning all joined hands and sang 'Auld Lang Syne.'

'The Onlooker' has been waging war against the inartistic and often ludicrous practice of bowing to the audience during an operatic performance. We heartily sympathize with Mr. Landon Ronald in his attempt to rectify this stupidity, and are interested to see in a recent number an extract from a letter by Mr. Albert Visetti, adding his protest. He tells a tale of an opera singer with a "limping" part, who literally jumped with joy in response to the audience's appreciation of the way in which he had died a few moments before. One woman in the audience wildly clapped her hands in delight, as she said, at his recovery from lameness.

* * *

Johannes Brahms was present at the Final Dress rehearsal of *Alceste* at Vienna, where he and Sir Charles Stanford together saw the opera: he looked beamingly happy, and expressed his great enjoyment.

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"The R.E.M. Magazine."

*Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.*—DAVID EVERITT

The Editor, on behalf of all students, tenders to Sir Walter Parratt special thanks for the most interesting article which he has contributed to our first number. We are particularly favoured, as many editors, seeking the same distinction, have gone empty away! Thanks are also due to Mr. Aveling, for his contribution; to Lady H. Cynthia Crewe-Milnes, Miss Pam and all other Students who have contributed articles or criticisms. Old students are indebted to Miss Muriel A. Crawshaw and numerous other ladies residing at Alexandra House, for undertaking the dispatch of 1,500 circulars.

* * *

Our next number will contain an article entitled, "How I came to know Gounod," by Mr. Albert Visetti.

The Editor invites and will consider any sort of contribution or correspondence which is likely to be of general interest. Criticisms also on our first number and suggestions for future numbers are heartily invited, as the Editor is genuinely anxious that the magazine should be acceptable to all and is only painfully conscious of the many defects which experience alone can remedy.

* * * *

'The R. C. M. Magazine' will be published towards the end of every term, and readers are earnestly requested to do everything in their power to increase the list of Annual Subscribers, as it is only by having a large circulation that the magazine can be continued on its present footing with any chance of success. Subscriptions, 1s. 9d. per annum post free, to be addressed to the Editor, 'The R.C.M. Magazine,' Royal College of Music, South Kensington. The subscription for the remainder of the current year is 1s. 2d. post free, but anyone who wishes to obtain copies of the present number must apply for them before January 31st, 1905, by which date the number applied for will be struck off, and the type distributed.

DATES OF TERMS—1905.

EASTER TERM.

Entrance Examination	Thursday, 5th Jan.
Term begins	Monday, 9th "
Half Term enter...	Thursday, 16th Feb.
" leave	Saturday, 18th "
Term ends	Saturday, 1st April.

MIDSUMMER TERM.

Entrance Examination	Thursday, 4th May.
Term begins	Monday, 8th "
Half Term begins	Monday, 19th June.
Term ends	Saturday, 29th July.

CHRISTMAS TERM.

Entrance Examination	Thursday, 21st Sept.
Term begins	Monday, 25th "
Half Term begins	Monday, 6th Nov.
Term ends	Saturday, 16th Dec.

